

THE KENTUCKY TRIBUNE.

JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON,
Publishers.

(Devoted to News, Politics, Internal Improvement, and General Information.)

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
In Advance.

VOL. XII.—NO. 18.

DANVILLE, KY., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 15, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 588.

THE KENTUCKY TRIBUNE

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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WIT AND HUMOR.

"VERY LIKE A WHALE."—Russia, sir, said an advocate of the Allies, after reading the Baltic news, "is like a whale floundering in its last throes, and spouting blood!"

"Yes, very like a whale," replied a gentleman present, "at any rate, she'd like to give the Allies a devil of a scolding!"—(State of Maine.)

"MRS. PARRINGTON, on being asked respecting a pair of twins with which she is said to have been recently blessed, replied that if such was the fact, it needn't be wondered at, for she belonged to a very growing family, and though none of 'em had had twins, yet several of 'em had come within one of it!"—Boston Post.

"SWEET POKES!"—The poets don't all live in Wisconsin. A correspondent has sent us a sublime flourish, of which the first stanza runs thus:

Old Uncle Sam! Old Uncle Sam!
What an ass you are, to be an ass!
For you're too long-plum'd and ridged,
For a wonder you ain't long ago'died!

Young man you ain't long ago'died down. Its dangerous to climb so high!—Lena Bayle.

"ONCE a day happened to one of the doctors the other day. He ordered some very powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father not liking the appearance of it, forced it into the child's throat, and when the doctor called again and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied:

"No, we didn't give it to him."
"Good heavens!" exclaimed the doctor, "is the child living?"

"Yes," answered the father, "but the old cat isn't, we gave it to her!"
The doctor smiled.

A DICKENS'S IDEA OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—At the railway depot in Lowell, not long since, "Look a here," said Sambo, his eyes dilating, and his jaws of shining teeth protruding like a regiment of pearls, "Look a here, Jake—what you call dem ar?" "What ar?" rejoined Jake. "Dem ar I is pinton in?" "Dem ar is pinton," said Jake. "What?" said Sambo, scratching his head; "dem ar posts and de glasses?" "Yes, de same identical," returned Jake. "Ah, but you sees dem ar horizontal wires!"

"Well, observed Jake, 'dem ar posts supports de wires.' 'Gosh! I takes you, nigger,' ejaculated Sambo, clapping his side, and both setting up a loud yeh yeh. 'But dem de wires fer?' said Sambo, after a pause. 'De wires,' replied Jake, completely staggered for a moment, and at a nonplus for a reply to the philosophic curiosity of brother Sambo; but, suddenly lighting up with more than nigger fire he said, 'De wires is for to keep de posts up!'

Kendall, of the New Orleans Phrygane, relates the following, which occurred in his presence at Baden in Germany:—

"At this juncture we were joined by an English party, when the subject matter brought under discussion was bathing."

"I take a cold sponge bath every morning, when at home," said John Bull.

"So do I," restored the Yankee.

"Winter and summer," continued the English man.

"My system exactly," responded the Yankee. "Is your weather and water cold?" queried John Bull.

"Right, chitly," continued Brother Jonathan. "How cold?" inquired John.

"So cold that the water freezes as I pour it down my back, and rattles upon the floor in the shape of hail!" restored the Yankee, with the same cunning twinkle of the eye. "Were you in the next room to me in America," he continued, "and could hear me as I am taking my sponge bath of a cold winter's morning, you would think I was pouring dry beans down my back!"

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders as with a chill, and marvelled.

"You have no business to have business with other people's business; but mind your own business, and that is business enough for any business man."

SELECT POETRY.

MINE.

FOR A GERMAN AIR.

O, how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating.

And I drink up joy like wine;

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating.

For the lovely girl is mine!

She's rich, she's fair, beyond compare—

Of noble mind, serene and kind—

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating.

For the lovely girl is mine!

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating.

In a music soft and fine;

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating.

For the dearest girl is mine!

From the Yankee Blade.

I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember,

How I courted Susan Brown,

I first saw her in December,

At a party up in town.

I bended her home that evening,

We loitered on the way.

While I tried to think of something

That was eloquent, to say.

I remember, I remember

I'd a brain new pair of trousers,

And we sat down on the door steps

Of some newly painted houses.

She spilt her best manilla!

'Twas enough to rile a saint—

And I smelt a week of turpentine

It took to kill the pain!

I remember how she loved me—

As the letters said she mailed—

But a change came o'er her spirit.

'Twas when the people said I'd failed!

I remember quite distinctly

How she handed me my hat,

And pointed to the doorway.

Yes, I well remember that.

I remember how she altered

When the information came

That the story was a humbug.

And my prospects were the same;

She wrote another letter,

'Twas ridiculously flat,

And hinted at a promise,

But I'd quite forgotten that.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Cincinnati Times.

'Don't Urge Him—He's Got a Wife and Family.'

It was Saturday night. Another week of toil and anxiety had rolled away into the dark chasm of the Past. All over our city the din of labor was hushed, and the streets were crowded with people hurrying homewards, thankful that the morrow was a 'day of rest.' We dearly love Saturday night. It brings a feeling of relief, a consciousness that for one day, at least, worldly cares and responsibilities can be laid aside. It brings a feeling of deep gratitude to Providence that we are very near to the blessed Sabbath, each one of which seems like a brief truce in the battle of life.

Glad that one week's duty was ended, we walked slowly down the street, passing every few paces men and boys, with their tin dinner buckets swinging lightly in their hands, thronged along the sidewalk. It was just dusk. The stores and shops were all illuminated, and as we came to the corner of Third and Vine streets, a pale, cadaverous third man was lighting the street lamp. Lamplighters are curious looking men—they have a ghastly, supernatural appearance, and they fit silently from lamp to lamp, one might aptly moralize upon their duty. We noticed, too, that the 'coffee-houses' were thronged that evening. They do good business on a Saturday night. Men who have been sober all the week, are wont to drink then. And facilities for getting drunk in this city are very good. We doubt whether there is a city in the whole Union of the same population that has more or better patronized grog-shops than ours. 'Coffee-houses' are on almost every corner, and two or three in each square. 'Coffee-houses' indeed!—You can get everything drinkable except coffee! Call them by the old-fashioned, regular title—'grog-shops'—it's more proper.

Well, then, every 'grog shop' that we passed had a crowd about its bar, and the light flashed gaily upon an array of tempting and newly filled decanters. Walking before us were three young men—foundrymen, we judged by their dress. As they came near a certain popular 'saloon,' one of them said—

'Come, boys, let's go in and take something!'

'I'm in,' answered the youngest of the party; 'come on, Bill!'

But the man addressed as 'Bill' did not seem willing to go, though he glanced longingly towards the brilliant bar room.

'Nonsense! come along; it's Saturday night, you know,' urged his friend.

'No, thank you, I won't drink to night; I don't feel well.'

habit and be a sober, steady, respectable man—for he's got a wife and family.'

Yes, that was the mystic chain which bound him. It was the strong spell that banished all alcohol with all its terrors and its troubles from his lips. He had others to care for now, and must resist temptation. It cost him an effort—a strong one, too. There were his companions, there was the gay saloon, the flaming decanters. He heard merriment, jokes and laughter. But then came a vision of his home; of one whom he had promised to love, honor and cherish forever. Of little ones, perhaps, anxiously listening for their father's step. He dare not yield to a single glass, though his old appetite pressed him desperately. Between him and alcohol there was but one barrier, one guard—'a wife and family.'

Even his companion thought of this. He must have known the appetite was strong and not easily satisfied. He must have pined to himself the evil consequences of one indulgence. Else why did he whisper to the tempter—'Don't urge him, he's got a wife and family.'

If there is anything on earth capable of controlling man's passions, it is the feeling that helpless beings are dependent upon him. He may be reckless as he will, careless of his life, even, but for those he loves, he will be prudent and self-denying. Not a day passes but we see instances of this. The young man pauses in some rash act, not for his own sake, but for his parents—for his mother's. The husband denies himself of all enjoyments because his wife and children cannot participate in them, and he shuns a deed of shame, lest disgrace rest upon their innocent heads.

What nerves a man to action, sheds him in toil, joins him in pleasure? that cheers him in every duty—that more than all else on earth constrains him to a virtuous and honorable path? It is the blessed influence of none, the smiles of loved ones—the 'wife and family.'

Young man, you acted a hero's part that night; the part of honor, manliness and love. And your companion, also, though unable to resist temptation, showed that the clouds of tenderness were still uncorrupted in his breast. He had yet the feelings of a man, a sympathy for those whom his friend was bound to treat affectionately, like a husband and a father—

He had all these feelings, or he would never have whispered—'Don't urge him, he's got a wife and family.'

There is a great deal of kindness and love in this world yet.

Getting Tight on Snow.

When the temperance 'spirit' was raging 'strong' in New Hampshire, it made a considerable stir in a small town in the northern part of the State. The select men belonged to the anti-ram party, and 'no license' was their edict to the rum-sellers, and 'no rum' was the word of the sellers to the 'buckers.' This proceeding brought on a drought—a very 'dry time'; the old soakers called 'regular horns' 'dropped off,' and in fact temperance in that town was universal for a season. Several red noses vanished, and *et cetera* pale faces began to assume a reddish tinge; thus, for a time, things waggled on.

However, this state of things could not for a great while be endured; it was an interference with the rights of the natural-born lovers of rum and liberty in that staunch old town, and those who inwardly felt the oppressor's hand most heavily, talked the thing over privately, and they all agreed to have some rum. Soon after this conclusion, it was well understood, by 'the right sort,' that Mr. F—, a sturdy keeper, had 'been down to Boston and got some of the critter.' The announcement of the trader's return was electric; eyes that had been dim flashed fire; and parched mouths instantly sent forth a flood of water at the thought of the good time a coming; jugs and small bottles were in great demand, and 'groceries' were 'bought and cheaper' at Mr. F—'s store than at any other place. Sufferers of rheumatism limped along till they arrived at the head quarters of 'O be joyful'; horses were harnessed by those 'out of tea or coffee, salt or molasses,' and the 'rush at the store' was tremendous. Nate was in the crowd—one of the head ones—although he was on 'Shank's mare.' In one hand he had a two-quart jug streaked with treacle, for rum, and in his pocket a pint flask, for molasses.

He told his folks, however, that the jug was to be filled with 'long sugar,' but said nothing of the bottle. Suffice it to say that each vessel was filled—the larger with 'New England'—and about dusk he was on his way home, fully determined to keep the transaction shady. On arriving at the fence front of his house, Nate felt pretty active, and although he had not swallowed a drop of his 'heart's delight,' in attempting to leap the rails slipped on the snow, but his jug on the fence, smashed the 'brown earthen,' and spilled his rum! For a moment his heart sank within him; it was Saturday night, and his imagination for on the next day, was then dissolving in the pure snow at his feet! Quick as lightning a thought struck him—a glorious thought—'a sober, second thought!'

Nate drew from his pocket his handkerchief, commenced scraping up the snow on which his rum was spilled, and tied it up in a large bandanna. Hope again 'stuck out,' yet Nate was somewhat doubtful how the thing would end; he was very fearful lest the fuddle, would all evaporate before he got home, but as the experiment didn't cost much he thought he would try it at any rate. On his arrival at the house, he placed the snow in a pot and carefully covered it. Then with Hope 17, and Doubt 18, he retired.

Morning came—Sabbath morn'ing a solemn, worshipful look rested on the face of Nate B—; his good wife endeavored to persuade him to accompany her to church, but poor man! he was sorry that he was too unwell to do so. At the proper time his wife started; and scarcely had the door closed after her, before Nate had raised the cover from the pot before mentioned, and 'smelt the snow'; the fumes ascended in hope full odor, and Nate's heart beat almost audibly from the conflict within, between hope and fear, as he placed the pot over the fire; the snow yielded to the heat, and the handkerchief full of snow dissolved itself into one pint of liquid.

quid. This done, Nate 'tried it,' to see if it was cooked enough for use; his strongest wishes were more than realized—he poured in some molasses, shook in a little black pepper, thus making what he called 'a hot sling,' of which he put a good deal.

'And,' said Nate, when telling this story, 'of all tight 'tights' that ever I had, that 'hot sling' gave the tightest one! I was so tight that I couldn't open my eyes or mouth for two days, and when my eyes were open, I was so tight that I expected every moment to see my head burst and fly all about the room!'

Tight Times.

This chap is around again. He has been in town for a week. He may be seen on 'Change every day. He is over on the Pier, along Quay street, up Broadway, stalks up State street, looks in all the banks, and lounges in the hotels. He bores our merchants, and a shambling cooly in lawyers' offices. He is every where.

A great disturber of the public quiet, a pestilent fellow is this same Tight Times. Every body talks about him, every body looks out for him, every body hates him, and a great many hard words and no little profane epithets are bestowed upon him. Every body would avoid him if they could, every body would like him from 'Change, hoot him off the Pier, chase him from Quay street, hustle him out of Broadway, kick him out of the banks, throw him out of the stores, out of the hotels, but they can't. Tight Times is a bore. A bore, he will stick. Hints are thrown away on him, abuse lavished in vain, kicks, cuffs, profanity are all thrown away on him. He is impervious to them all.

An impudent fellow is Tight Times. Every body discounts, and he looks over your shoulder, winks to the cashier, and your note is thrown out. Ask a loan of the usurers at one per cent. a month he looks over your securities, and marks two and a half. Present a bill to your debtor, Tight Times shrugs his shoulders rolls up his eyes, and you must call again. A wife asks for a fashionable brocade, a daughter for a new bonnet; he puts in his caveat, and the brocade and bonnet are postponed.

A great depreciator of stocks is Tight Times. He steps in among the brokers, and down goes Central top, to ninety-five, ninety-eight, fifty. He plays the deuce with Michigan Central, Michigan Southern, with Hudson River, with New York and Erie. He goes along the railroads in process of construction, and Irishmen throw down their shovels and walk away. He puts his mark upon railroad bonds, and they find no purchasers, are hissed out of market, become obsolete, absolutely dead.

A great exploder of bubbles is Tight Times. He looks into the affairs of gold companies, and they fly to pieces; into mining companies, and they stop payment; into rickety insurance companies, and they vanish away. He walks around corner lots, draws a line across lithographic cities, and they disappear. He leaves his foot-print among mines, and the rich metal becomes brass. He breathes upon the cunningest schemes of speculation, and they burst like a torpedo.

A hard unator for the poor, a cruel enemy to the laboring masses, is Tight Times: He takes the mechanic from his bench, the laborer from his work, the bread-carrier from his ladder. He runs up the prices of provisions and he runs down the wages of labor. He runs up the price of fuel, and he runs down the ability to purchase at any price. He makes little children hungry and cry for food, cold and cry for fire and clothing. He makes poor women sad, makes mothers weep, discourages the hearts of fathers, carries care and anxiety into families, and sits a crouching desolation in the corner and on the hearth-stones of the poor. A hard master to the people is Tight Times.

A curious fellow is Tight Times, full of idiosyncrasies and crochets. A cosmopolitan, a wanderer, too. Where he comes from nobody knows, and where he goes nobody knows. He flashes along the telegraph wires, he takes a free passage in the cars, he seats himself in the stages, or goes along the turnpike on foot. He is a gentleman on Wall street to-day, and a back settler on the borders of civilization to-morrow.

We hear of him in London, in Paris, in St. Petersburg, at Vienna, Berlin, at Constantinople, at Calcutta, in China, all over the commercial world in every great city in every rural district, every where.

There is one way to avoid being bored by this troublesome fellow, Tight Times. It is the only way for a country, a city, a town, as well as individual man to keep shut of his presence always. Let the country that would banish him beware of extravagance, of speculation, of overtrading, of embarking in visionary schemes of aggrandizement. Let it keep out of wars, avoid internal commotions, and go right along, taking care of its own interests and husbanding its resources. Let the city that would exclude him be economical in its expenditures, indulging in no schemes of speculation, making no improvements, building no railroads that can not pay for, withholding its credit from mushroom corporations; keeping down its taxes, and going right along, taking care of its own interests and husbanding its own resources. Let the individual man who would exclude him from his domestic circle, be industrious, frugal, keeping out of the whirlpool of politics, indulging no taste for office, holding up his dish when puffing falls from the clouds, laying something when the sun shines to make up for 'dark days,' for

'Some days must be dark and dreary,' working on always with a heart full of confidence in the good providence of God, and cheerful in the hope of 'the good time coming.'

Abing Register.

One of the WITNESSES.—A sprightly little woman, named McNeil, was yesterday put upon the stand in Recorder Blumfield's Court, as a witness for the defence in the flat-bus robbery case. It was proposed to prove an alibi in favor of McNeil by her testimony. After she had given her direct testimony, the counsel who was conducting the prosecution, commenced to cross examine her in this wise:

Question—'Madam, now will you state upon your oath whether or not you are engaged to be married to Mr. McNeil?'

Witness—(Indignantly)—'It's none of your business!'

Question—'Madam, I must have an answer—yes, or no?'

Witness—(Looking daggers at the lawyer)—'No, I'm not engaged to be married to anybody, and never was. I'll get married when I please, and to anybody I please. I'm not going to be forced into it by you or anybody else. But when I do get married, I won't pick out such a weak looking puny, little impudent fellow as you, no how.' And with a glance of withering scorn at the diminutive lawyer, she left the stand, amid the most boisterous peals of laughter from the audience, who enjoyed his discomfiture not a little.—N. O. Delta.

THE PUNCTUAL MAN.—Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large property by trading industry and punctuality; and at the age of ninety years was resting quietly upon his bed calmly waiting to be called away. He had decidedly made about every arrangement for his decline and burial.

His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its socket, when one of his sons observed:

'Father, you will probably live but a day or two; is it not well for you to name your bequests?'

'To be sure, my son,' said the dying man, 'it is well thought of and I will do it now.'

He gave a list of six, the usual number, and snubbed back exhausted upon his pillow.

A gleam of thought passed over his withered cheek like a ray of light and he rallied once more. 'My son, read me that list. Is the name of Mr. Higgins there?'

'It is, my father.'

'Then strike it off!' said he emphatically for he was never punctual—was never anywhere in season—and he might detain the procession a whole hour!—Boston Trumpet.

SUPPRESSING A BEER SHOP.—An enterprising Dutchman, who kept a beer and porter house in Houston st., New York, gave the following account at the Police office, of an assault on his premises. Speaking of the person committing the row, he said:

'He combed in and axed me to tell him some beer; I told him he had more as would do him good—he called me 'dutch liar,' and began to poke two umbrellas, ven me and Hans Speigler and my wife and my tarter Petsy and all do toder men about my place, began to poot him out, and presently he com back mit twenty more sheest like me, and say, I will fix dis beer concern and break him up, so dat sheestman may git drunk like sheestman, on gin and brandy, and not on dis tater Petsy! Den dey kick Hans Speigler behind his back, and kessed my tarter Petsy before her face, and break all der glass pottles, except der pig stone brick, and split my wife and me and toder gents of beer all over der collar. Hans run out der door and called for de watch-house, and my wife cried 'murder' like der tell, but before der watch-house com, der tater rowlies broke us all up to pieces—me and my wife and my tarter Petsy and Hans Speigler, and der pottles and tumblers, and plates and dishes, all smashed up together.'

NEW STOCK

FOR

FALL AND WINTER!

W. L. MOORE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Main St., Danville, Ky.

THIS is to give notice to my old customers and all others concerned, that I have now received and opened my Fall and Winter Stock of Goods, which will be found on inspection to be by far the Largest and Best ever brought to this market. My supply

Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, Embraces a great variety of different styles, and all of superior quality. I have also a very select assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing.

Which I selected with great care, and with special reference to the quality of the goods and workmanship. Also, a very superior stock of

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Including Shirts, Underwear, Collars, Cravats, Scarfs, Hosiery, and everything else in the line. A superior lot of latest style HATS.

All of which I offer for sale on as favorable terms as the same quality of Goods can be purchased anywhere.

W. L. MOORE.

ASSURANCE

BY THE
Aetna Insurance Company,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.,
Capital and Assets in Fire Department,
Near \$500,000.

Annuitiy Fund, Life Department, \$150,000
A S Agent of the above Company, I will A S agent policies of Insurance against loss or Damage by Fire on Dwellings, Stores, Merchandise, &c., on reasonable terms. I will also issue policies of insurance in the Life Department of the Company.

A. S. McGRORTY, Ag't.
Oct 6, '54 (febl. '53) Danville, Ky.

CHURCHES & KEMPER'S

SAUSAGE CUTTERS!
6 DOZ. just received. These are the same articles formerly sold by G. A. Armstrong, and those who have used them say they will grind 100 lbs. per hour. Call and see them at
J. B. ARNOLD.

Chewing Tobacco & Cigars.

VIRGINIA, Baltimore, and Missouri Tobacco, Spanish, Half Spanish and Gunpowder Cigars, by the box or dozen, just received and for sale by
J. B. ARNOLD.

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J. B. ARNOLD.

JEWELRY, &C.

I HAVE just received from the East, a large assortment of

WATCHES, BREAST PINS, EAR RINGS, And Jet Jewelry of all kinds, Making my stock very complete, which I shall be pleased to show to my friends and the public.

THOS. R. J. AYRES.
sept 29, '54

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which distress the country. There is a whole sermon in these five words.

YEATMAN is continued as editor.

rebels were routed in the province of Michoacán on the 24th of November. Three hundred were killed on both sides; among whom is Gen. P.

JAS. HUTCHING
JACKSON DAVIS
Boyle Co., Dec 15, 1854 34

JAMES KINNARD
Jan 8, 1944

JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON
Tribune Office, Danville.

For the Housewife.

To Dress a Cold Fowl.—Peel off the skin, and pull the flesh off the bones in as large pieces as possible; then dredge it with a little flour, and fry to a nice brown in butter, serve it up with rich gravy, well seasoned, and thicken it with a piece of butter rolled in flour. Just before you serve it up squeeze in half the juice of one lemon.

BAKED APPLE Pudding.—Sew your apples in as little water as possible, and not long enough for the apples to break, and lose their shape. Put them in a colander to drain, and wash them with the back of a spoon. If stewed too long, and in too much water, they will lose their flavor. When cold, mix them with the butter, raisins, sugar, and lemon-juice, and two ounces of sugar. Stir another two ounces of sugar with the butter or cream, and then mix it gradually with the apple. Bake it in puff-paste, about half an hour, in a moderate oven. Do not sugar the top.

To Make Hard Gingerbread.—Take two cups of molasses or sugar; two-thirds of a cup of butter; one-half cup of milk; four eggs, one a half a half spoonful of ginger; salt; flour enough to roll.

POTATO JELLY.—Peel the potatoes, and grate them into a vessel of water, and stir it well into a fine sieve and collect that which passes through into a basin; let it stand, and in a few minutes the starch matter will be deposited, from which the water may be poured off. Now stir up the starch from the bottom of the basin and add boiling water, and it will pass into a beautiful jelly, which has only to be flavored with sugar.

How to Make Candles.—Candlewick, if steeped into lime and saltpetre, and dried in the sun, will give a clearer light and be less apt to run. Good candles may be made thus:—Melt together ten ounces of mutton tallow, a quarter of an ounce of camellia, four ounces of beeswax, and two ounces of alum; then run it into moulds or dip the candles. These candles furnish a beautiful light.

YEAST.—The bitterness of yeast, which is often a cause of complaint, may be removed by straining it through linen or by dipping a red hot charcoal in it. But the most effectual and easily available remedy is, to put the yeast in a large pan and cover it with spring or well water, changing it every three or four hours. The bran seems to destroy the strength, and coal sometimes stains it, but the water purifies it in color and in taste.

NEW BOOKS,

I AM now in receipt of the largest and best assorted stock of School, College, Juvenile, and Miscellaneous BOOKS.

Ever brought to the place. Persons wishing to purchase in the Book line, will do well to examine before purchasing. I would call attention to my very superior stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Fancy Articles, Cutlery, Perfumery, Combs, Brushes, &c., all of which will be sold as low as they can be had in this place or elsewhere.

WM. M. STOUT.
Sept 15, '54

HOTELS.

BATTERTON HOUSE,
DANVILLE, KY.

THE undersigned having purchased this large and commodious Hotel, and prepared to accommodate travellers, regular boarders, and the public generally, in the best style. By strict attention to the comfort of patrons, by keeping a good table, and having competent assistants, and polite, experienced servants, he hopes to sustain the widely spread and enviable reputation of this house.

THE STAGES for Lexington, Louisville, Crab Orchard, Lebanon, &c., arrive at and depart from this house. There is attached to it a large STABLE, where Horses, Bays, Hacks, &c., can be hired at all times.

WM. M. FIELDS.
Sept 22, '54

CITY HOTEL,
(Formerly "Central House"),
Danville, Ky.

HOPE & WHITE—PROPRIETORS.

THE subscribers having taken for a term of years the tavern stand in Danville known as the "CENTRAL HOUSE," would respectfully inform the public that they are now prepared to accommodate all who may see proper to call upon them. It is useless to make promises—our motto is, TRY US.

Connected with the House is a fine large STABLE, provided with an abundance of excellent Provender, and attended by a careful and attentive Hostler. If horses kept by the day, month or week.

JAMES HOPE, J. B. WHITE.
Danville, Jan 13, 1854

CUMBERLAND HOUSE,
East side of the Public Square,
Danville, Ky.

R. C. HARRIS, Proprietor.
Somerset, Jan 14, '53

DANVILLE HOUSE,
BY
W. A. HARNES.

THE undersigned having leased this large and commodious establishment for a number of years, and thoroughly refitted and refurnished the same, is now prepared to accommodate, he hopes to their entire satisfaction, all who may favor him with a call. His Table and Bar shall always be abundantly supplied with the choicest luxuries of the country, and his STABLE under the care of an experienced Outler. Paying thoroughly provided himself with every necessary, and being determined to do his business entirely to the satisfaction of his patrons, he hopes to merit and receive a liberal share of the public patronage.

W. A. HARNES.
Danville, April 1, '53

DANVILLE MALE AND FEMALE ACADEMY.

THE Principal, assisted by Miss Mary McLean, his brother, S. McKee, and other competent teachers, if they are needed, will commence the 3d session of this institution on the 1st Monday in September.

The course of instruction will be very thorough, embracing the common English branches: Algebra and Geometry, Latin and Greek, Natural, Moral and Mental Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, and the Sciences of Christianity, and Butler's Analogy.

Terms, per Session of 20 weeks:
Learning to Spell and Read, \$10 00
Spelling, Reading, Writing, Primary Geography and Mental Arithmetic, 12 00
Junior, Middle and Senior Classes, 15 00
There will be a charge of \$1 per session for pens, ink, copy-books and pencils. Fuel for school-room, \$1.

No deduction made for absence, except in cases of special agreement.

The Preparatory Department
Of Centre College will be connected with this school, and those in that department must comply with the following College law: "The tuition fee of \$30 00 per annum, with \$1 for fuel, covers the whole College charges. Payment of these charges must be made in advance. Those who enter two months before the annual session have commenced, are charged in proportion to the part of it that they remain. Young men pursuing the studies with a view to the ministry and receiving aid from any society, pay only \$10 00 per annum for tuition."

JOHN L. MCKEE.
Sept 1, '54

DRS. I. WESTERFIELD & SON,
HAVING located in Shelbyville, Ky., ten der their professional services to the afflicted. They will give special attention to the treatment of

CHRONIC DISEASES.

The Senior partner has given his undivided attention to the practice of Medicine for the last 25 years. In addition to his regular course of reading, he studied and practiced for three years in conjunction with the

Indian Doctor, Richard Carter, Sen. Formerly of Shelby County, Ky., from whom he obtained all those valuable recipes and formulas for the preparation of his peculiar remedies, which have proven so eminently successful in the treatment of

Simple and complicated diseases, where a carefully written description is sent them, (post-paid), they will send medicines and directions promptly by mail.

aug 25, '54

A No. 2, Boyle County Farm.
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber being desirous to change his business, wishes to sell his FARM, containing about 260 acres.

It lies 2 1/2 miles south-east of Danville, immediately on the turnpike leading from Danville to Stanford.

The Farm is in a high state of cultivation, well watered and timbered, and all set in grass, feeding all good with very superior barns and sheds for stock, and a pretty good Dwelling House.

Any person wishing to purchase will please call and examine the Farm. Terms reasonable.

REUBEN GENTRY.
aug 11, '54

FINE BOLL FARM
FOR SALE.

I WISH to sell at private sale, THE FARM on which I now reside, lying on the Perryville and Knob Lick road, about 3 1/2 miles from Perryville.

Containing 340 or 350 Acres.

The Land is well watered and timbered, with good improvements, consisting of a Brick Dwelling and all the necessary out-houses. The place is a desirable one, and persons desiring to purchase, will do well to call and see it, it will be sold on easy terms.

I will also sell the GROWING CROP on the Farm, including about 80 acres of Corn, &c.

HARVEY WALKER.
Boyle co., Sept 1, '54

Willow Ware.

A LARGE variety of Willow Baskets of almost every description, just rec'd. at

J. B. AKIN'S.

Porcelain Kettles.

A LARGE lot just received, and for sale at

J. B. AKIN'S.

A

Professional Cards.

T. P. YOUNG
CAN be found at the Law Office formerly occupied by C. B. WALLACE, Esq., on Main-street, opposite the Court-house, (now occupied jointly by Fry, Saeed and Young.) He will attend promptly to the collection of moneys either as an Attorney or General Collector. All business entrusted to him shall be faithfully and speedily attended to, and returns punctually forwarded.

Danville, Mar 10, '54

J. F. BELL, JOHN COWAN.
BELL & COWAN,
Attorneys at Law,
DANVILLE, KY.

HAVING associated themselves together in the practice of their profession, will give faithful attention to all business entrusted to their care in Boyle and the adjoining counties.

Oct. 14, '53

J. L. BOLLING,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Main-street, Perryville, Ky.,
Will attend to all business entrusted to him in Boyle and the adjoining counties.

Sept 7, '53-ly

BOYLE & ANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DANVILLE, KY.

WILL continue to practice Law in partnership with Boyle and Anderson, at their Office on Third-street, opposite the Tribune Printing Office.

Sept 2, '49

SPEED S. FRY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DANVILLE, KY.

WILL practice in the Courts of Boyle and the adjoining counties. Any business confided to him, will be promptly attended to.

Feb 27, '52

P. T. & T. H. FOX,
Attorneys at Law,
DANVILLE, KY.

WILL attend to all business entrusted to them in Boyle and the adjoining counties.

April 9, '52

GEO. P. NEWLIN,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST,
DANVILLE, KENTY.

OFFICE—Up stairs, over Mr. J. H. Caldwell's Store. Entrance on Main street.

Nov 18, '53

DR. J. S. HUNTER,
WILL continue the practice of Medicine, in all its branches, in Danville, and the surrounding country. Office on Walnut-street, near his residence.

Danville, Nov 5, '52

Business Notices.

C. F. MEYER,
DEALER IN PIANOS,
Music and Musical Instruments,
Corner of Main and Mulberry sts. (up stairs),
LEXINGTON, KY.

ENTRANCE—The iron steps on Mulberry street, opposite the Phoenix Hotel.

(Pianos tuned and repaired as usual.)
Nov 15, '54

J. P. THOREL,
Fashionable Boot & Shoe Maker,
MAIN ST., DANVILLE,
North Side, KENTY.

A large stock of the most superior Materials kept constantly on hand, and none but the best workmen employed.

May 19, '54

SIGN PAINTING
BY
N. M. Upton,
At Geo. TURNER'S Coach Shop,
Danville, Jan 20, '54

J. C. HEWEY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Confectioneries and Candles,
Fine Groceries,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS,
Perfumery and Fancy Articles.
Cigars and Tobacco; Wines and Cordons, Oysters, &c., &c.,
No. 23, Main street,
Danville, Ky.
March 14, '53

W. B. MORROW & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Grocers, Dealers in
Produce, and Commission Merchants,
DANVILLE, KY.

WATKINS & OWSLEY,
Commission Merchants, Provision
and Tobacco Brokers,
NO. 256, MAIN STREET,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

NOEL & NICHOLS,
CABINET MAKERS,
AND
UPHOLSTERERS.
At the old stand of Wm. Speed, Esq.,
Main St., opposite the Court House,
CONTINUE to manufacture all articles
in their line, such as
Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables, Safes,
Wardrobes, Mattresses, &c.
By continuing to pay strict personal attention
to business, and by selling new and good
articles, they hope to receive a continuance of the
liberal patronage heretofore extended to them.

Danville, Nov 8, 1854

HATS

I AM now in receipt of the

best assortment of

of hats, and of every description of

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